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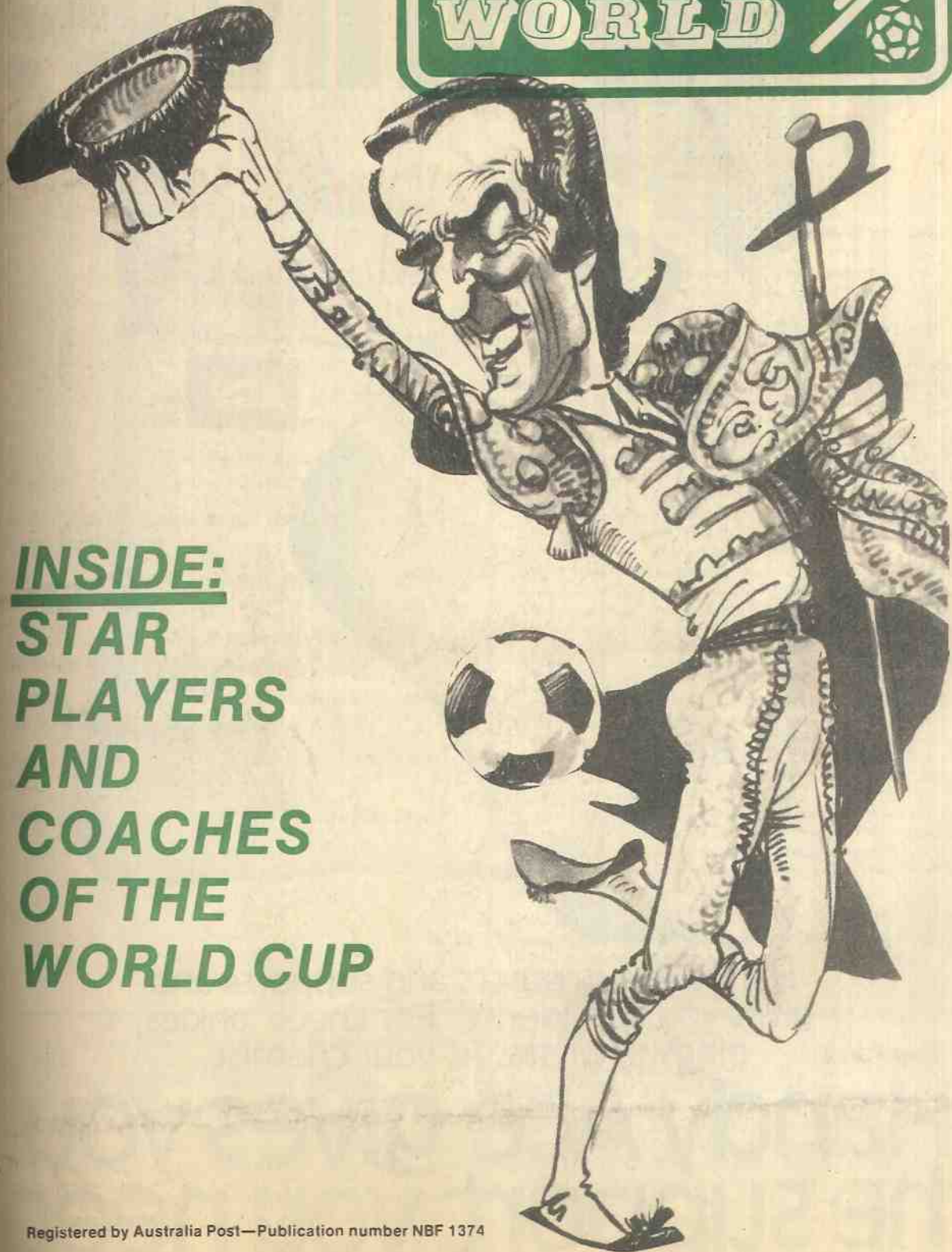
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Editor: Andrew Dettre.

FROM THE PRESS BOX

You must have heard this cliché before: let's not mix up sport and politics. And never more often than from British lips.

It was Britain who, in 1980, decided to turn down an American plea to boycott the Moscow Olympics because of the occupation of Afghanistan by the USSR—surely a bigger issue than the Falklands war over 1,800 non-British citizens and 600,000 non-British sheep.

"This has nothing to do with sport," they declared in London and the British team duly went to Moscow.

Obviously, the FA Cup final is different. There Tottenham Hotspur were not allowed to (or not brave enough) to include in their team the Argentinian Ricardo Villa, the man whose goals had won them the Cup exactly a year earlier.

"The crowd may not react favourably," a Tottenham director said. So what did the crowd do? Before the kick off, the Tottenham fans went into a roaring song at Wembley: 'There's only one Ricky Villa.'

However, the sad Villa was only a spectator in the stadium.

'It may embarrass Princess Anne if Villa were to be introduced to her,' came an explanation.

Well, I don't know what Anne would have done, despite her reputation of being a rather unfriendly young lady.

Probably she would have shaken hands, nodded—and pretended that Villa was not Argentinian but Armenian.

At any rate—what if she were to be slightly embarrassed? The FA Cup is not a royal garden party; it's the property of the English public.

Princess Anne goes to soccer even less frequently than some of our ASF bigwigs—once a year, perhaps.

She could have made it one less for 1982.

As it was, Villa, an innocent Argentinian caught in a mad war, thousands of miles from his home, had to be stood down for political reasons.

And this in a country which has been lecturing the rest of the world for decades about fair play, sportsmanship and also the importance of keeping sport and politics apart.

The next time you hear the expression from somebody, you will know what to do.

As for the football served up in the FA Cup final and the replay—the occasion was certainly better than the standard.

How so many highly paid and vastly adored 'stars' can play such dull, boring stuff is a mystery.

It seems that English coaches still concentrate too much on 'commitment' and 'workload' and other such physical attributes, all at the expense of skill.

How Tottenham could have done with the brilliance of Ardiles and Villa, its two Argentinians...

These FA Cup finals are gradually becoming almost as boring as election telecasts.

And yet, in the huge build-up to the match, even our usually apathetic daily newspapers find enormous space to feature 'The Cup' devoting 10 times more space to it than to local soccer.

I have seen many better PSL matches this year in Sydney than these two Wembley fiascos—and I wouldn't exchange our 'unknown' John Kosmina for a Galvin, Archibald or Brooks even if their reputation would make such a deal a ridiculous proposition

—A. Dettre

Ian's life spins around a disc

There must be something in the name 'Souness.' In Britain, a fellow by the name of Graham, is the pillar of Liverpool and his native Scotland, a brilliant, dynamic midfielder with a thunderous shot.

Here, in Sydney, Ian Souness is his Australian replica. Since coming here in 1977 he has been voted the best Australian player under 21, was a top contestant for the 1981 Player of the Year award and won heaps of awards—including a free trip to Britain—with his club, Sydney City.

Just as well, perhaps; since then bad luck has been pursuing him. A damaged vertebra in his back has curtailed his PSL appearances to a couple of games and it's not even certain that he will be able to recover fully to resume playing.

"It's rotten luck," he says. "But I'm optimistic. The doctors say I will be all right and I want to believe them. Now my back hurts like hell and I can hardly move freely. But maybe manipulation and drug treatment will fix it. I want my place back in the team."

The 'my place' doesn't sound cocky at all; Souness disclaims any false modesty. And his manager, Andrew Lederer, agrees with him.

"He will walk into the team the moment he is healthy and fit," he says. "Ian is the best midfielder in Australia but he will be even better when he is 25 or 26. We do have a great side and many excellent players. But only one Souness."

Ian was born in 1959 at Hillingdon, England. His father, a Scot, had been stationed in Germany with the British army and spent his honeymoon there with Ian's English mother. "Made in Germany," he says with dry humor.

Then, a stroke of good luck. A contact in England, where he was a Chelsea junior, asked if he would like to play in Australia.

"I said yes," he recalls. "I didn't know the difference between Hakoah Sydney and Toongabbie Ravens. I could have landed anywhere, like the drunk parachutist. Fancy finding myself in the country's top club."

Then—more luck. Andrew Lederer, founder and then chairman of Presto, offered him a job at his huge smallgoods factory and Ian took it. He knew nothing about meat and smallgoods; he thought salami was an Egyptian goalkeeper.

Today, a mere four years later, he is Presto's accounts executive, working under manager Frank Collins and being involved in sales promotions all over Sydney.

"It's a great job but not a loafer's paradise," he admits. "I start at 6.30am and finish at 4 or 5pm. Okay, I don't have to bundy in and bundy out but we're so busy I can hardly take time off."



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Now 23, Ian has a divorce behind him. His ex-wife and son, aged two, are back in England and he is planning to marry again next year, a girl he met at Presto's offices.

"We even provide wives for our staff," says Lederer with his Budapest humor. "The best sausages, best players and best wives."

Souness as a player is undoubtedly one of the very best. Recently, in a friendly chat, Leichhardt coach Willie Wallace said that Souness would be his first pick if he had a choice.

In 1978, when he won the SOCCER WORLD Under-21 Australian award, I felt certain that he would go on to greater things. However, in 1980 a few injuries cost him a place in the Australian team. Why in 1981, his best year ever, Gutendorf decided to overlook him so consistently nobody knows. It was just one of the many inexplicables of the erratic German coach.

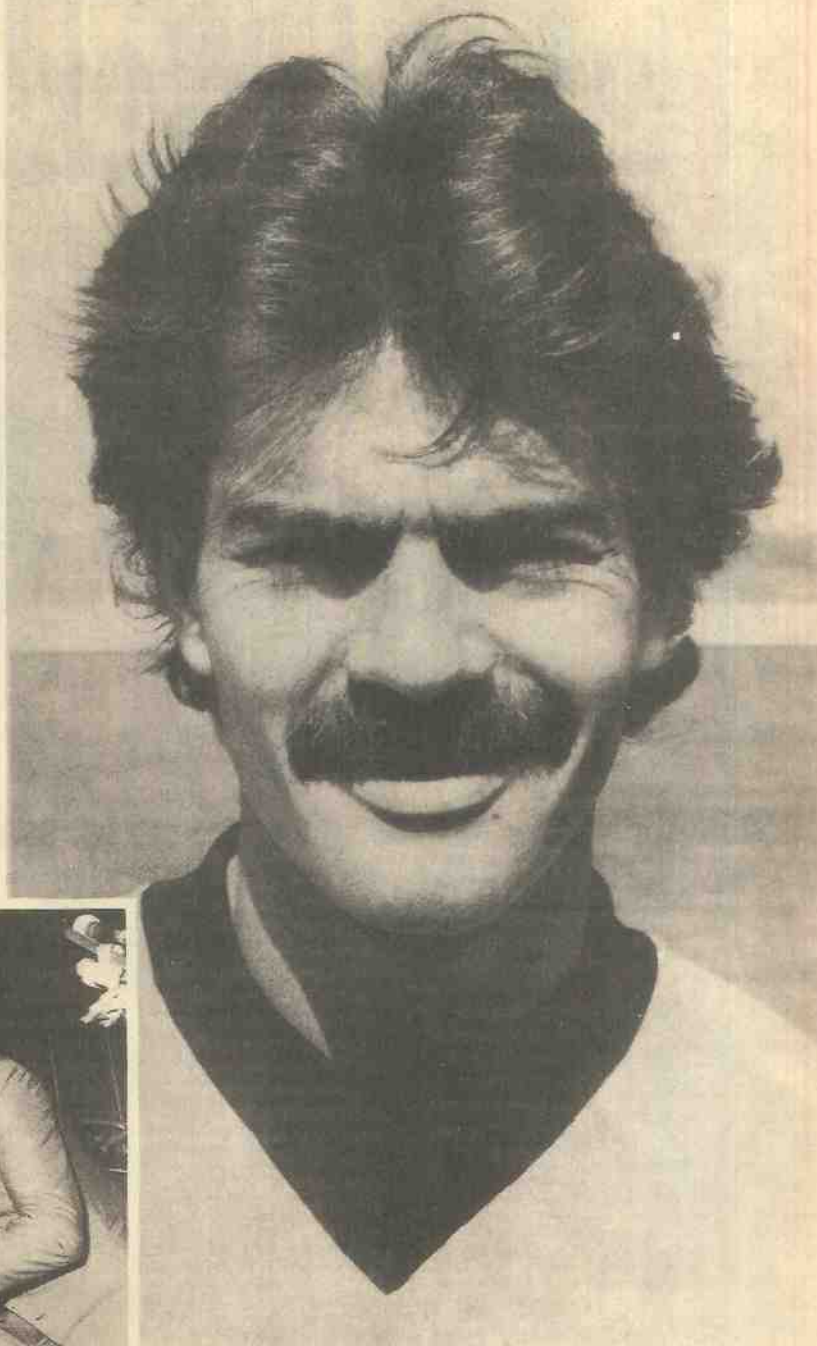
Souness is remarkably fast, mobile and competitive. On top of all that, he has skill, vision—and a flair for goals. Sounds like a dream midfielder.

"I can hardly wait to get fit again," he says. "What worries me is that the boys win the title this year without me. It's like watching a jolly good war from afar."

"Leave Sydney City?" he asks back. "Never. Why should I leave the best for something less? If I was lucky enough to land here, I'll be smart enough to stay put."

—By Andrew Dettre

WAITING FOR RETURN



Souness receiving the 1978 PSL Under-21 Player of the Year 'Soccer World' trophy.

Ian Souness, possibly the most dynamic midfielder in Australia. At 23, he is an ex-international and an ex-husband, now facing long treatment for his injured back. But this determined Englishman is almost certain to fight his way back to the top again.

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Most people don't even know they have a groin. Not consciously, anyway. And not until something goes wrong with it.

Terry Butler can tell you all about it. The durable, diminutive Leichhardt star was plagued by chronic groin injuries from 1978 until the end of last season—and is free of pain for the first time in almost four years.

Butler, in many respects, looks like a relic of the past; he reminds you of the 'old' Canterbury hero Jimmy Moore and some others about 20 years ago. He's an old-school Aussie who has been around for so long that you'd swear he is a lot more than his 29 years.

"The trouble started in 1978 and by 1980 the groin was so bad that I had to quit the game for about 12 months. It was hard to accept the medical verdict that I may never play again. When you love the game and also depend on extra earnings from it, the bad news hits you like a ton of bricks."

Bricks or no bricks, Butler took it on the chin. You could see him at all Leichhardt matches, a sad, forlorn figure leaning against the brick wall just outside the dressing rooms, his eyes like those of a sad, sick Labrador.

"I couldn't run or even jog so I did a bit of swimming and weight training to keep in shape and to strengthen the abductor muscles. I had ultrasonic treatment and I had drugs. The bloody lot. And I was lucky that my club paid for everything."

In fact, the APIA-Leichhardt club has looked after Butler well and humanely. All the time he was out of the game he was still getting his retainer and lost only the match bonuses.

"That was a blow in itself," he says. "But I was grateful the club stood by me in all respects. And I am glad Willie Wallace was patient, too. Neither of us knew if I would recover fully."

Butler used to be extremely fast, elusive and tough, too; a peppery little fellow.

"I've lost some of my mobility during the long rest," he says. "It's mainly my starting speed that's affected. I'm working on it though."

Terry Butler, a Puck-like fellow, has had one club all his life—APIA, now operating in the PSL as Leichhardt. He joined them at 12, when he used to live at Annandale and has been with them an incredible 17 years.

Earlier in his career, he was selected for Australia but then, for some reason, went out of fashion. His last appearance in the Socceroo shirt was back in 1975, against Glasgow Rangers. And this despite the fact that a few years ago he was among the very best in the country—and Aussie born, too.

Butler spends all his working hours outdoors; he is a lawn mowing contractor, an operation of one. He is the manager, the accountant and the cutter.

For some six or seven months of the year, he cuts up to nine lawns a day, all on the North Shore. It's after this routine

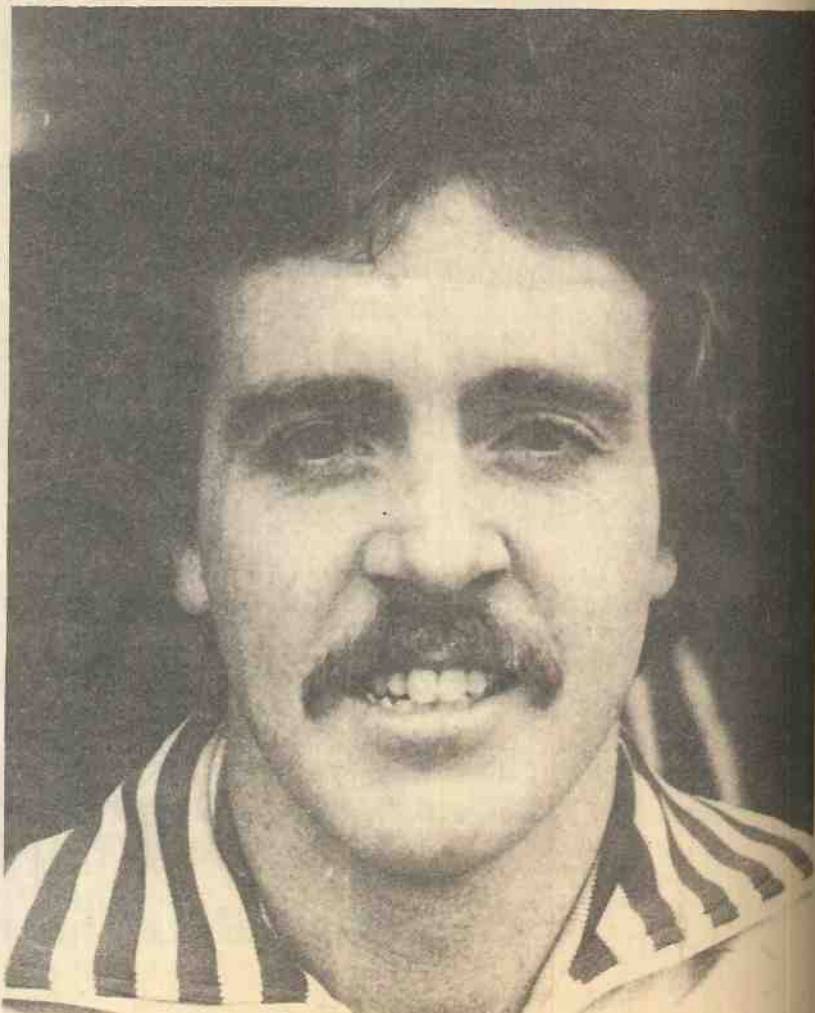
'exercise' that he rushes to Lambert Park for training. In winter, when the grass grows slowly, he is less in demand and does some gardening or general laboring work but essentially takes it easy, like bears in winter. It's a lopsided financial year for him.

"It was tiring at first and I used to drink a lot of liquids," he says. "Now I am used to it. Anyway, it's a pretty healthy sort of life and I am my own boss, too."

"And that's something to cherish nowadays."

Butler wins his long fight against his own groin

TERRY FREE OF PAIN AT LAST



THE BUTLER DID IT...



For many years, Terry Butler has been delighting his fans at Lambert Park. A skilful and clever player, Butler has moved from his original position on the wings into the midfield in the last few seasons. He is a model of club loyalty—17 years with APIA—Leichhardt.



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The PSL is healthy despite the moans of its 'friends'

—By Jim Binnie

Perhaps it's the weather or the time of the year, maybe just the pollens, allergies. But for some strange medical or psychological reason, once again the soccer public at large is being subjected to an absolute barrage of 'reasonings' all demanding drastic changes.

The 'popular soccer media' journalists are off and running with a flood of articles listing the alterations needed to 'save' the game. One newspaper seemed to be flying a banner for weeks in the cause of "why the PSL...had to go" but just as subtly (like that famous bull in a chinashop), some of their own contributors have been seen, heard or read as saying that the Philips League had done wonders for soccer standards in Australia.

Can anyone imagine what these blatant contradictions do to the minds of their regular readers?

A soccer magazine published here in Queensland (under the banner of the local Federation) has become a forum for 'Letter to the Editor' writers to castigate that austere body for allowing the game in the State to commit 'genocide.' The debate now has people asking for changes, with contributors laying out plans, the Federation answering the charges, the local Coaches' Federation being lauded as 'saviours' of the system back in 1970 (?) but undermined the following year by people in 'high places'—all in one issue...

Actually, for their information: the first time the professional-amateur split was mooted was back in 1965 by a Jim Buchanan but the suggestion was shelved by the committee of the day, led by Ian Brusasco who is the president now examining ways and means of 'restructuring...'.

More confusion for the long suffering public but perfectly normal in our 'democratic' soccer administration.

Everyone wants changes, the PSL needs restructuring, the NSW Federation wants to run a Super-League (which they never thought of before the PSL), Queensland needs something new (no one seems to know what but obviously the old files are being dusted off), South Australia needs a third club to challenge the Big Two (who aren't always so big), promotion and relegation MUST be automatic in our democratic football society (who's laughing?), we need better administrators,

better media coverage, better players, better clubs, better competitions...better, better, better; you name it, soccer needs a better—what? The key word is better.

Is it any wonder that our sport is treated this way? Soccer's corporate image (if it has one) must be at an all-time low if the popular soccer media is to be taken as a guide.

Is there anything really wrong with the game of soccer in this country?

Let's examine, with an optimistic view and not with the jaundiced eye of the critics, some of the facts.

There are only a few people in Australia who really know whether national league soccer is really viable and those are the people who run the Philips League teams.

As long as these people are prepared to pour thousands of their hard earned dollars into soccer the league must be a viable proposition. That the league works is beyond question.

There are more young Australian soccer players at the top than ever before. Whether the standard is the highest ever is debatable but there is no doubt the national competition has levelled the standards geographically all over Australia. This, too, is a plus for the PSL.

The national league has to be run by the clubs involved, overseen by the ASF. The ASF, made up of State Federation presidents in most cases, has to understand that there is too much money tied up (obviously for the good of the code) for State committees to tinker with the clubs involved.

State presidents have to wear two hats, a difficult task, and one cannot help but note that in recent years the same State Federations could not organise an interstate series, never mind a national competition.

State Federations have to accept the fact that their function is not to dominate the clubs under their jurisdiction; rather, they have to aid the clubs in achieving their own aims whether they are hopeful of becoming PSL candidates or starting up soccer in a new housing settlement. Both aims are equally important for soccer.

Finance will always dictate promotion and relegation. In the harsh world of

professional soccer, only the affluent clubs will survive. Here as well as overseas.

St. George in NSW finished second last year, passed all requirements and were promoted or re-admitted to the PSL. Frank Arok, an astute judge of talent and a good organiser, immediately spent thousands of dollars signing five experienced PSL players to ensure that the club is staying in top company. Affluence and the shrewd use of affluence at work...

In time, the national soccer league of Australia will consist of the most affluent, best organised and best run clubs in Australia. These are the only criteria; time will sort out the weak from the strong.

That, then, is the path for Australian soccer. The sport is quietly booming despite its enemies inside and outside the game. Youngsters who can see rewards, whether financial or personal, are working harder than ever before and are succeeding.

Clubs at the top are struggling with financial burdens but isn't that the nature and reality of everyday economics, be it governmental, business, club or simple home finances?

The careful, well managed clubs will sort out their problems.

The interim geographical arguments are passing phases. It is only now, after six years, that Sydney teams appear to dominate the PSL—a league where, at the halfway mark, 12 points separate first from last. What is actually happening is that it has taken six years for all the Sydney clubs to wake up to themselves. For what other reason do Blacktown, Croatia or Manly want to get in the PSL? Because they see it's a potentially viable competition.

• Jim Binnie's sentiments on the Philips League are certainly thought provoking.

We would be happy if our readers would also have their say on the subject.

Please send your letter to SOCCER WORLD, Box 5061, GPO Sydney, 2001.

And try to keep them fairly brief, eliminating the need to cut them.

The Editor

WHEN I first saw him, in 1978, he was an athletic youngster, built like a half-miler, with muscles bulging, his angular face unusually stern for his age.

He also possessed a ferocious kick; from some 30 metres he could slam the ball into the net, taking the goalie with it.

Vic Bozanic, still only 24, has had a checkered career since he joined West Adelaide in 1978, from the local Polonia club—the same which produced John Kosmina, too.

In his very first PSL season came instant glory—the championship title. Bozanic very quickly slotted into a fine team, playing in the defence with such stars as Reynolds, Jones, Vagianos, McGachey and others.

The title was decided in a last round cliffhanger—in the local derby. I flew down to Adelaide to watch this epic,

The 1978 euphoria vanished fairly quickly in West Adelaide; the team began to falter. In 1980 and 1981 again, they finished at the bottom and were saved from relegation only by a sympathy ASF vote plus the absence of a suitable alternative. It was at the end of last season that Bozanic decided to make a move.

"Marconi approached me and I was happy to come to Sydney," he says. "Everything was going badly in West Adelaide and I felt I was wasting my time there. And I am glad I changed over; I'm enjoying my game again, for the first time in three years.

"We haven't got a great team yet at Marconi," he concedes, "but soon we will have one. The defensive four is solid, Allan Maher is still one of the best goalies. If the team becomes a bit more consistent and when the young players like Hunter, Licata and Calderan settle

'Sydney is the centre of Aussie soccer'

Vic says he missed '81 boat

joining another 16,000 at the packed Hindmarsh.

Perin put the classy Adelaide City one up after 53 minutes—and it looked like Sydney City's title. Westad needed at least a point to make it.

But then Bozanic flung himself into action. Ten minutes from time his header went inches past the post; a due warning of things to come. Then, five minutes later, one of his piledrivers smashed into the net, past the brilliant Peter Marshall. And that shot gave West Adelaide the PSL title.

An attacking fullback almost from the start of his career, Bozanic was soon noticed by officialdom—and in 1979 he travelled with Gutendorf's young national side to Noumea where he appeared in two internationals. He was on his way.

"I felt great and believed I was getting to the top fast," he says. "Just then a bad groin injury knocked me out of the game for six months. By the time I recovered, Gutendorf was using others, mainly Steve Perry and John Yzendoorn in my position. I missed the boat."

down, Marconi will be just what it was before—great."

But what about those famous Bozanic piledrivers which resemble a mule-kick? Why are they getting so infrequent these days?

"I don't have so much opportunity to have a crack at it," he says ruefully. "I guess defences expect that sort of thing and they close down on me. Also, I can't roam forward so much now as I would like, we have to play it tight in defence."

A cabinet maker by trade, Bozanic plans to go into business soon, possibly with Tony Henderson.

"I have a good contract with Marconi and I can just about live on that. Of course, I'd like to have a good job or business as well. But I am single and so I can manage. I am not rushing things. Something will turn up soon, I hope. Just for the present I enjoy my game and that's a change."

Bozanic, born in Adelaide of Yugoslav migrant parents, says the soccer atmosphere in Sydney surprised him.

"It's so much more competitive here than in Adelaide. Back home we had two



good teams. In Sydney there are five. In Adelaide every PSL player was a local identity, everybody knew you. In Sydney people say 'Vic who?' and walk past you.

"In a way it's good; it makes you keener, more determined. You have to establish yourself through your own efforts, not just the club's local fame. In Adelaide I thought I was a young star. Here in Sydney I have to prove myself week after week. But I don't mind that."

Bozanic doesn't share the popular view that players outside Sydney are unfairly passed over by national coaches.

"Many Adelaide players had their chances in the last few years," he recalls. "Johnny Nyskohus, Gary Marocchi, David Mitchell and myself all made the team. Maybe Martyn Crook is the main loser. I can't understand why they have been ignoring him for so long when everybody, at least all the players know that he is brilliant."

"I think interstate players tend to worry too much about this problem of not being recognised and usually without reason. No national coach would be crazy to forget about the best players from Brisbane, Adelaide or any other place."

"It's true that in Sydney you're more likely to catch the coach's attention but that's only half the battle. You also have to impress him."

"And that's what I hope to do in the next few months. I am not claiming my old position back—I want to fight for it. There are several very good defenders in the PSL today so it won't be easy."

"But I'll give it a shake."



Vic Bozanic at rest and in action.

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THE GRASS IS NOT GREENER FROM THE INSIDE...

Eric Smith admits that one of his main aims in the past six or seven years has been to make it to the NSW Federation Executive.

The former Riverwood secretary, who was elected to the Executive last year, said he always believed that to achieve the changes he believes are necessary, he had to get onto the Executive.

"When I joined Riverwood — or Arncliffe Scots as they were then known — I told the club that my aim was to move on to the Executive.

"Guys like Wal Fraser, the president, and Dennis Earl, the treasurer, were superb, and helped me greatly," Eric said.

"They gave me support and also taught me a lot about the administration side of the game."

Eric started to make his name with Riverwood, as a man obviously obsessed by the game and determined to see that it progresses.

He was instrumental in laying the foundations of Arncliffe's change to Riverwood — a move which freed the soccer club to develop its own social club and with the prospects for developing its own ground.

Eric himself feels proudest about signing Atti Abonyi to the club as coach.

"A lot of people thought Atti was mad to take on what was always considered a 'bat-tling' club.

"But the proposition we presented to him — to build a team — was one that he couldn't resist.

"And look at the results.

"It makes me a little envious not to be a part of the club now, but I am very proud to know that my early work has paid off."

Eric said he now hoped he could make a mark on the NSW Federation.

But he admits that when it comes to involvement in Federation matters he is still something of a 'babe'.

"I have to admit that it has been much harder to make a positive contribution than I thought it would be," he said.

"To be honest, I've just been learning the ropes, getting to know how the Federation operates and putting out feelers to see how receptive people are to my ideas.

"My biggest stumbling block has been a lack of knowledge of precedents," Eric said.

14 Soccer World

"When the Federation makes decisions it always has to weigh them very carefully, using past experiences as a guideline.

"I've had to rely on people like Les Fairclough and Ken Ferguson in areas like that."

Eric said forward planning by the Federation had been upset by a string of controversies, mainly surrounding the Ampol Cup.

"If it wasn't one thing, it was another," he said.

"And the Croatia incident is still continuing," he said.

Last year Eric was one of the biggest supporters of the concept of a Super State League, an idea that fired the imaginations of many State officials, and even some of the Philips League clubs.

But his attitude has changed.

"Knowing now what I didn't even have an inkling of last year, I can see that the PSL is far more viable as a national competition and should continue to expand in that direction," he said.

"I think regionalisation would be a step backwards.

"Admittedly some of the PSL clubs aren't doing enough promotion and the full potential of the PSL has not been exploited.

"But I now don't believe a Super State League as I envisioned it last year would be the answer to our problems," Eric said.

Eric agreed this was a dramatic change in his position on the issue.

"But I have been forced to view things from all perspectives now.

"What I think we have to keep working on is preventing the PSL from becoming a closed shop, like the rugby league.

"We need to continue working on finding a solution to the question of promotion and relegation to and from the PSL.

"Once that has been sorted out, then I think the States Leagues can develop."

Eric said that his two 'pet' projects were gaining secure sponsorship for the Federation and the State League, and rationalising the set-up within the soccer community.

"The latter one is probably one of the most contentious issues in Sydney soccer, but it is one everyone agrees needs acting upon," Eric said.

He said part of the plan involved merging clubs that share common geographical areas.

"But moves such as that are very touchy topics.

"They are needed to make the game more efficient.

"At present we have areas where three and four clubs are competing for the same fans, the same local players, the same council support and they all come off second best," he said.

Eric said he was also concerned that there has been such a marked lack of communication between the different controlling bodies within the code.

"I always thought that we would need to make the NSW Federation an umbrella organisation by bringing the amateurs, churches, women, referees, coaches and juniors under direct control," he said.

"But I now believe that if we can set up a good working understanding it will have the same effect."

"I have proposed a series of 'working weekends' where the various bodies can meet and talk about problems.

"The first one was cancelled only through illness to some key figures, but we will definitely go ahead with the other planned meetings."

Eric said the sponsorship was essential to the Federation if, as he hopes, they employ a public relations man, an assistant secretary and a full time coaching director.

"The Federation is very secure financially, with the Parklea venture giving it assets of over a million dollars.

"But we need sponsorship to carry out these new projects," he said.

Eric said he had nothing but admiration for the men on the NSW Executive.

He said that he has been surprised by the amount of hard work put in by the 'top brass'.

"A lot of it goes unnoticed by the general public, but men like Karl Rodny and Aulden Brown are totally dedicated to the Federation.

"I know that sometimes the Federation's public relations is a bit brusque, and perhaps that is a valid criticism.

"But their heart is in the right place," he said.

Eric said he was confident he could contribute to the Federation.

"I think there is always hope that things can be changed for the better," he said.

"The Federation has undergone tremendous changes in the past five years, and its standing in the game in Australia has also changed.

"These things all have to be taken into consideration."

"When I first started I knew it would be hard job.

"But the hardest part is not being a part of Riverwood," he said.

—Paul James

After 12 years in Sydney soccer, John McDonald is doing what he said he'd never do: coach a first grade team.

"You could say I was forced into it — by my anger," John said.

After deciding that he would give away playing this year John said he found it hard to find time to go and see Auburn play.

"I have to admit that I kept on putting it off, for one reason or another," he said.

"But then I went to see Auburn play Canterbury.

"I was so disappointed with the performance of the team that when someone asked me if I'd like to take them over, before I knew what I was saying I agreed."

However, John said he laid down his terms to the club, saying that he would take the team on for two weeks on a trial basis to "see if the players would respond to me".

He said it took him only one week to make up his mind to stay on.

"In that first week I could sense the determination of the players to really pull their socks up," he said.

"I suppose you could call me a reluctant coach.

"I always said I'd never get involved in coaching senior teams, but here I am."

John came to Australia from his native Scotland at the age of 24.

Already married and with two small children, he was brought out by Auburn.

"The club really looked after us, settling us down in Sydney and making us feel at home," he said.

"Of the 12 years I've been in Australia, I have had eight seasons with Auburn and I really do have a soft spot for the club and its people.

"Even when I went to St. George and then Sutherland, I was always more at home at Auburn," he said.

John said his proudest moments in his career in Australia were winning the Rothmans Player of the Year award twice.

"No matter what anyone says about the judging system, to be considered the best in the competition is a tremendous honour.

"I've enjoyed playing and it was a very hard decision to stop this year.

"When I came back to Auburn, after a break through injury, I knew it wouldn't be for too long, but I enjoyed every minute."

John said he felt that was the trouble with some of the younger players who make up the bulk of the State Youth League teams.

"I am not talking of Auburn only; I am afraid many of the young lads in lots of teams are just going through the motions.

"I mean, when I talk to the players after a game, I can sense they have absolutely no feeling for the game.

"How many times have we all seen the third and second graders finish their match, get showered and changed, and then leave the ground and go home?"

"They should stay and watch the first team, and learn.

"After all, they should have the ambition of making the first team themselves.

"But in many cases I doubt if that's true," he said.

'Mac' is back with his old love Auburn but cheesed off with our youth

—By Paul James

John said he didn't think he was being hard on the younger players with his views.

"The present system has a lot to do with the way these lads react.

"By the time they are 18 they are sick to death of competing.

"I've seen lads play delightful stuff in pick-up games in parks, because they were with their mates, just showing off and enjoying themselves.

"But I bet if you put them in a team and pressured them into winning, they'd be boring as most of the teams around at present."

John said he has always been shocked by the amount of competitive soccer that is provided for boys under the age of 10.

"Watching *Captain Socceroo* on Channel O-28, you hear these horrendous stories about Under 12 teams training four times a week and so on.

"It's an absolute disgrace, especially when you consider the standard of coaching they receive.

"I agree with what Mick Jones said — some of these people shouldn't be allowed anywhere near young soccer players.

"They become obsessed with formations, with tactics and playing for points, instead of encouraging the youngsters to go out and have fun."

John said that although he was now coaching Auburn, he has no real interest in that side of the game.

"Like I said, I am only doing it because I was so frustrated at the way Auburn lost to Canterbury.

"I saw some good players who were just not performing and it angered me.

"But I don't think I would make a good coach.

"I prefer to be one of the lads, and I don't think a coach can be that.

"A coach has to have respect from his players and has to make decisions that may upset certain players — and officials.

"When I took over I immediately pulled a couple of young players out of the first team.

"I felt they were in above their heads at a time when the team was struggling and needed experience to get it out of a bad patch," he said.

"That decision may have displeased some people, what with talk of youth policies and so on, but I felt that those players could be permanently harmed mentally if they continued in such a depressing atmosphere.

"They'll get their chance again — they know that."

John said Auburn's slide this year was the result of several factors, the central one being a shortage of cash.

"From that one problem comes a host of others.

"We lost key players, none more important to us than Terry Bertram, and we also had the cream skimmed off our youth brigade.

"To lose two young starlets like Robbie Slater and Len Viola, to St. George and Melita respectively, was a big blow.

"They were the ones we had been grooming to move into the first team.

"But then, perhaps both Robbie and Len would not have been such big successes with us as with their present clubs.

"Playing alongside people such as Marton Stone and Ratcliffe probably has brought Robbie up quicker than he would ever have developed at Auburn.

"Who knows? But all I can say is that both of those kids had talent — talent that we sorely miss."

John said he was always more of a realist when it came to looking at the State League.

"I don't really think anyone can honestly believe that there are 14 quality sides in the State League," he said.

"The advent of the Philips League was a savage blow to the pool of talent available for the State League clubs and I am amazed so many of them still are going.

"It would seem a more logical course for a lot of the clubs to decide to go amateur and stand aside.

"But I suppose there is a lot more politics to it than that," he added.

"That's another reason why I don't want to stick around in this coaching position.

"I like playing football on the field, not playing politics off it."



Photo by Andrew Jacob.

David Skeen about to lurch into attack; in the background team-mate Dez Marton and referee Tim Davies. Note, as a matter of interest: the St. George players are wearing the full kit of the Hungarian national team left behind last February.

Skeen scampers towards Roo shirt

Even the most unrelaxed fans on the grandstand loosen their facial muscles for a moment or two when he gets the ball; they know that David Skeen is highly unlikely to make a silly mistake.

This short, stocky youngster is racing towards stardom as fast as his stubby legs can carry him.

Soon, many believe, he will play for Australia—nothing surer. He was in last year's World Youth Cup squad where coach Les Scheinflug preferred Robert Wheatley to him. Many fans would have been happier with the more aggressive, over-lapping Skeen.

Ambition and dedication, so often lacking in career-oriented Australian youngsters, is written all over young Skeen, now 20. He lives at Berkeley, not far from Wollongong—and travels to the St. George stadium for training three or four evenings a week; one hour up, one hour back.

"It was worse when I couldn't drive and dad had to take me," he says. "Now I got used to it; have been doing it for four years. I'm always home by 9pm."

Skeen first came under close scrutiny when, at 16, he made the NSW representative team. Joe Vlasits, this brilliant discoverer of young talent for the past 30 years, then working as a scout for the Saints, saw him and signed him.

In 1980 he was a sort of understudy to Denis Duarte at right fullback but managed to get some five matches in the first team. Last season he was in the No.2 shirt for some two thirds of the State League campaign, as Duarte dropped out of the race due to a severe muscle complaint. At the end, he made Les Scheinflug's Youth squad.

However, it was largely this year that Skeen has been stunning friends and foes alike with his displays.

He tackles well, timing his interceptions with metronomic precision; he recovers quickly when beaten; makes himself available for a sweeping pass on the right flank and bursts down the wing as excitingly as Sydney City's Kevin Mullen. On top of it, he hardly ever gives balls away; he has a knack for a rapid wall-pass and usually finds his man with a low pass in the middle.

And he does all that with seemingly inexhaustible energy, his short legs moving like souped-up propellers, head slightly down like a boxer in a peakaboo stance. A genuine ferret in full flight.

Skeen was born in the Blue Mountains but grew up in the Wollongong area. He

works there now as a trainee at BHP while studying to qualify as a mechanical engineer, at the end of 1983.

"Later on I may have to think seriously about my career, but for the time being I spend all my time on study and soccer. I want to see how far I can go in the game."

"Why shouldn't I give it all I have?"

He will go far; he is right about setting his aims high. Last year he was disappointed not getting a match in the WYC but was still thrilled to be in the squad.

"I think I blew my chances when I couldn't travel with the team to Indonesia as I couldn't get time off work. Once the team came back, the formation was settled."



David Skeen: Racing towards an Australian shirt.

The well spoken, quiet Skeen strains not to crack even a little smile when people compliment him after a match; youngsters often have this problem of not knowing whether to show their delight or remain poker-faced about success.

"I'd like to have a bit more speed, if I could," he admits. "Last summer I joined a group of athletes working on my sprinting and starting speed. I think it was useful. Now I'd like to gain another metre or two to keep pace with some of the very fast PSL strikers."

Much to his amazement, David Skeen found the PSL not all that very different from the standards of the NSW State League's elite.

"Croatia, Melita and perhaps one or two others were just as difficult opponents as are the PSL sides. The difference is that here every match is close and hard. Still, this year we have a better team and the Arok methods are also showing."

He is almost lyrical about his coach and mentor.

"Arok is quite unbelievable," he says. "I've never seen anyone so professional, so dedicated and competent in my life. Everything he does and says has a purpose and makes sense."

"People think he is a screaming coach. Well, after the Sydney City match (1-3) where I made some critical errors, he never said an angry word to me. Then at the next training session he pulled me aside and explained what I did wrong and why. He also showed me the video film, explaining frame by frame the match incidents."

Skeen is a great admirer of skilful opponents—and none is rated higher by him than little Joe Watson of Sydney City.

"He is very hard to play against," he claims. "He has perfect control and balance, shields the ball well, stops and starts suddenly and, above all, his brain is working overtime. You could hear it ticking when you're close to him."

Much to his sorrow, David is too old for the next World Youth Cup campaign. So he has fixed his sight on the next target—the full Socceroo squad.

"I know it will be very difficult because Les Scheinflug can choose from so many excellent defenders. But why not try anyway? I feel I am learning all the time and maybe Les will notice me one day."

He is certain to do just that. Skeen was brilliant in the 1981 Grand Final against Croatia, then almost from the start of the 1982 season has been playing excellent stuff, often stealing the show from more established stars such as Marton, Ratcliffe and Stone. In the process, he has become the No.1 favorite of the crowds who simply love his total-approach to every match.

If he does make the Australian team one day, he won't be the first Arok fullback pupil to do so. George Harris and Harry Williams both matured into internationals under his care.

Maybe this admirable little ferret is next in line.

THE GUINNESS BOOK OF SOCCER FACTS & FEATS

Soccer Terms
explained:
No. 11

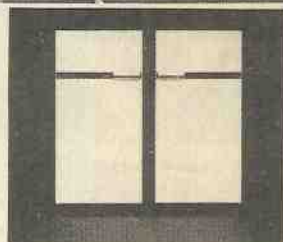
A Draw.

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Jack Rollin



BOOK REVIEW

One of the best and most widely recognised English sports writers, Jack Rollin, has done it again.

His latest book, the 'Guinness Book of Soccer' is an absolute treasure house of facts, feats and figures.

Rollin, back in the 1960s, was the editor of 'World Soccer' in London, the magazine I have been also writing for since its launching. He is one of those 'serious' writers who caters for the soccer literati, the people who are interested in the game and not for the 'popular press' where silly, meaningless 'angles' predominate.

In this book—the fourth edition of the series—Rollin has gathered together a mass of data about soccer.

Not surprisingly, British soccer takes up more than half of the 253 pages—and there you will find the answers to the most unlikely questions about clubs, players, statistics as well as those oddities like the 'quickest goal,' 'biggest home defeat ever' and dozens of other aspects of the game.

The second half of the book is devoted to European and world soccer affairs.

Here, again, Jack Rollin is presenting the most detailed picture of all international competitions—teams, results, the lot.

It's truly a marvellous book. No true lover of soccer should be without it for another day.

The Guinness Book of Soccer—Facts & Feats—By Jack Rollin, published by Guinness Superlatives Limited, London. Our copy from William Collins Pty. Ltd. Recommended price \$19.95.

Andrew Dettre

TOP SOCCER

PHILIPS LEAGUE

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ROUND 21, JULY 3-4

Wollongong v. Canberra City.....
South Melbourne v. Footscray.....
Sydney City v. Brisbane City.....
West Adelaide v. Leichhardt.....
Preston v. Newcastle.....
Brisbane Lions v. Heidelberg.....
Marconi v. St. George.....
Olympic v. Adelaide City.....

ROUND 22, JULY 10-11

Newcastle v. Wollongong.....
Canberra City v. South Melbourne.....
Footscray v. Sydney City.....
Brisbane City v. West Adelaide.....
Leichhardt v. Olympic.....
Heidelberg v. Preston.....
St. George v. Brisbane Lions.....
Adelaide City v. Marconi.....

ROUND 23, JULY 17-18

Wollongong v. Heidelberg.....
South Melbourne v. Newcastle.....
Sydney City v. Canberra City.....
West Adelaide v. Footscray.....
Leichhardt v. Brisbane City.....
Olympic v. Marconi.....
Brisbane Lions v. Adelaide City.....
Preston v. St. George.....

ROUND 24, JULY 24-25

St. George v. Wollongong.....
Heidelberg v. South Melbourne.....
Newcastle v. Sydney City.....
Canberra City v. West Adelaide.....
Footscray v. Leichhardt.....
Brisbane City v. Olympic.....
Adelaide City v. Preston.....
Marconi v. Brisbane Lions.....



**FOR VENUES AND KICK-OFF TIMES PLEASE CHECK YOUR
DAILY NEWSPAPERS ON FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS.**

THE MAKING OF YOUNG PLAYERS

SHOOTING AT GOAL

In earlier chapters we discussed the various types of kicks. What the player has to decide is which kick to use when shooting at goal.

Every goal counts; little goals, 'ugly' goals (is there such a thing?), scrappy goals. They all count the same as breathtaking goals hammered home from 30 metres or volleys that tear down the net.

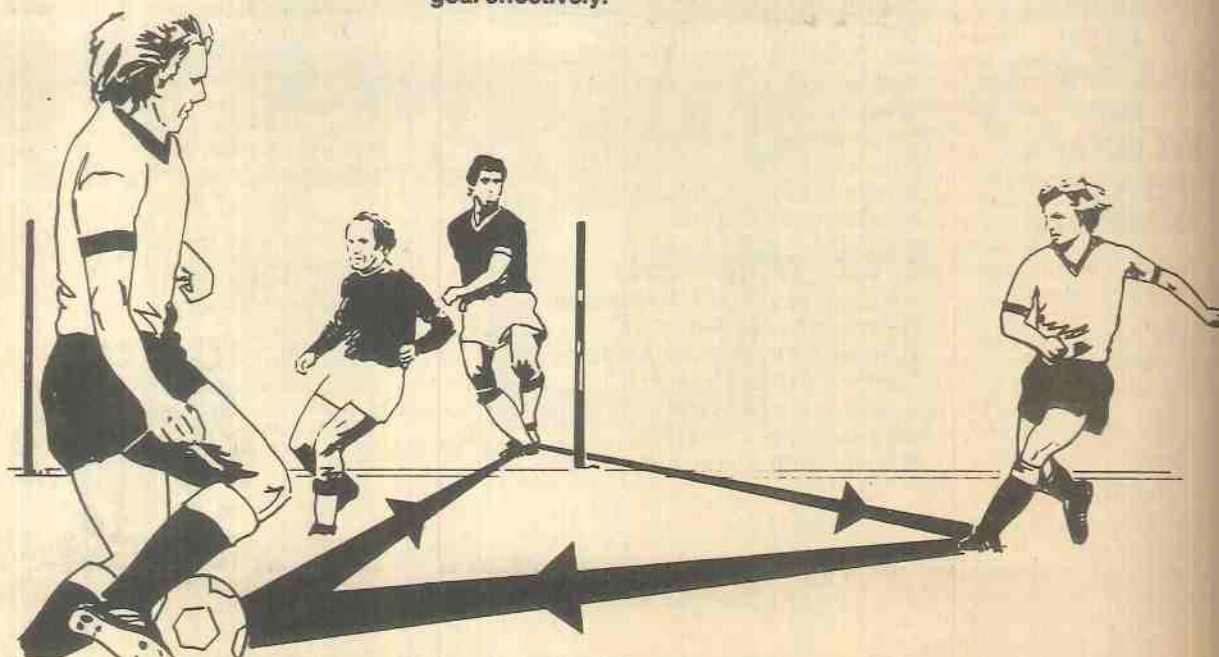
A player should never sacrifice a fairly certain goal chance for something fancier or more spectacular.

Many coaches admit that players are born with an instinct for goals, a talent which, when totally absent, cannot be developed. What they mean by this is that a very young player somehow shows talent for getting goals; it's this talent that has to be nurtured.

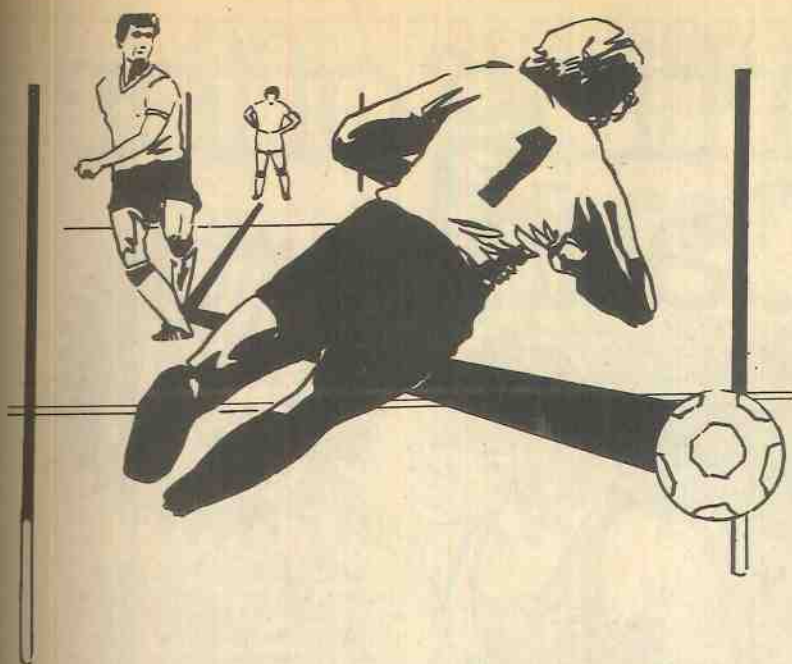
'Goal instinct' is a rare and highly valued commodity in soccer. It usually refers to players who seem to be on the right spot at the right time in front of goal, who possess good reflexes and who, even under pressure, in the penalty box, can execute shots with the same accuracy as at a casual training stint.



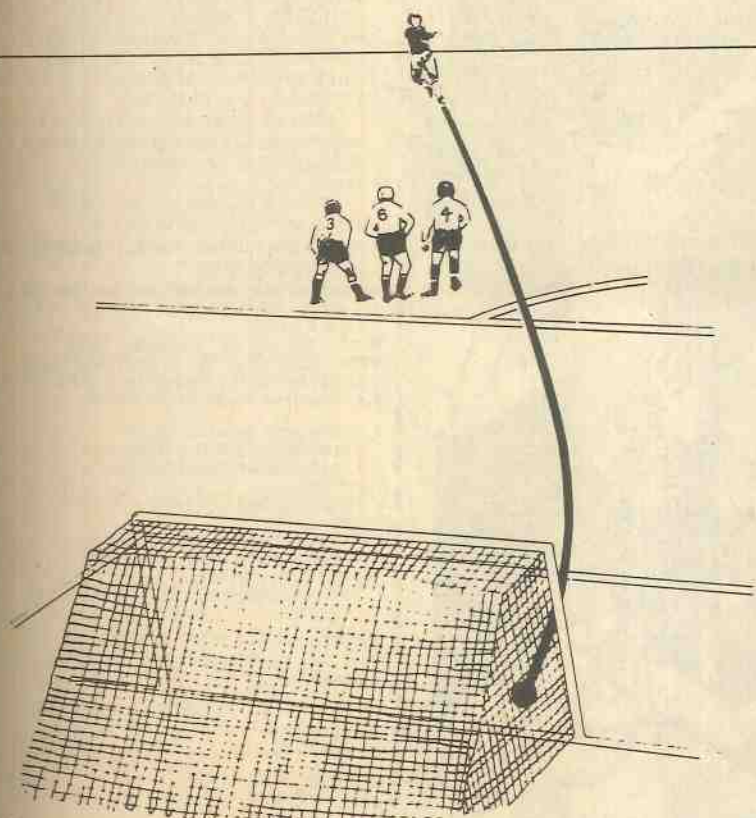
Good balance, concentration and fine technique are needed to shoot at goal effectively.



Many goals have been scored by a full or half volley, kicked after receiving a medium height pass. This move is worth practising.



The inside of the foot is eminently suitable for accurate placement of the ball.



A ball 'bent' with the inside of the instep can elude a wall of players at free-kicks.

These excerpts from the 'Complete Book of Soccer' by Andrew Dettre, published by Summit Books and reprinted here with the kind permission of the publishers.

Australian soccer has had many such players; since the late 1950s one can mention Herbert Ninaus, Brian Tristram, Dave Keddie, Mike Denton, Les Schauman, John Giacometti, Atti Abonyi or, of our contemporaries, John Kosmina and Mark Koussas.

Players have to decide in a flash the most ideal solution to a tricky problem; they have to know in a split second how and when to hit the ball and what type of kick they are to use.

The only part of the foot which is rather unsuitable for shots at goal is the inside of the foot as it's difficult to apply any force on it at all. However, very close to the goal, players can use the inside if they need an accurate placement with the ball; the ball is actually passed into the net rather than slammed in.

Shots at goal are usually taken with the inside, outside or top of the instep. All of these can provide sufficient pace and all are ideal for low, medium or high shots. It depends a great deal on the type of ball that is available—whether it's on the ground, stationary, rolling, bouncing or dropping from the air.

As a basic rule: players have to lean into their shots, otherwise the ball is likely to go sky-high.

Some of the best goals are scored with the full instep, when volleying the ball. The flight path is straight and the speed of the ball usually beats the goalie.

This is the method preferred by most British stars. In Brazil, on the other hand, they like to hit the ball with the outside of the instep, adding a swerve to it.

Bobby Charlton, the former Manchester United hero, was a master of the full instep drive; Brazilians Pele, Rivelino and Amarildo delighted fans with their spinning and swerving shots that wobbled in the air before reaching their target.

Only circumstances can make you decide when to shoot at goal—or when to make a pass to a partner. It's just as bad trying half-heartedly for goals in hopeless situations as being too unselfish or undecisive in the goalmouth.



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He came without any fanfare, quietly slotted into the Wollongong team, does an excellent job week after week and makes no outrageous statements to the Press.

As a result, hardly anybody knows Chris Dunleavy. Outside Wollongong, that is.

He has had a colorful career interspersed with travel and a few bad injuries.

Dunleavy, 30, was born in Liverpool and was an apprentice with Everton at Goodison Park. His last major English club was Chester, in the third division.

However, in between, in 1973-74, he also played in the USA with the Philadelphia Atoms, winning the title in 1973.

The following year he suffered his second major injury—a fractured tibia.

"I was in plaster for almost six months," he says. "It was one of the worst fractures the doctors had seen, with the bone kicked out of place. This was at Chester. I really thought I'd be finished for soccer this time."

But he wasn't, just as he recovered from an earlier injury a few years earlier: a ruptured muscle in his right thigh.

The memento of this is still visible: there is an incredible lump on his thigh, some six inches long and at least two inches high, rock-hard like a gold nugget. The muscle from the top of his thigh to the knee was simply torn into two.

"It doesn't bother me now at all," he says and does a high-kick a la Ginger Rogers to prove it. "I still do exercises to stretch that muscle as far down as possible."

Dunleavy is an 'accidental' gain for our Australian soccer. He was back in England, quite content with his life and contemplating a future in the hotel business ("I have seven or eight relatives in the pub trade") when Newcastle's Bob Mountford, back on holidays, met him.

"Bob told me about the set-up in Australia and it sounded good," he recalls. "Then I had a call from Ken Morton, our present coach. So I came out as a temporary visa player."

"My visa expires in December but I would like to stay on. I have a house in England and I'd sell it to buy something here on the South Coast."

Hopefully, Wollongong president Laurie Kelly may be able to help in the matter; he is also, in his 'spare time,' Speaker of the NSW Parliament...

Dunleavy is very flattering about the skill in the Philips League.

"There are quite a number of very good players about," he says. "Perhaps the teamwork of the clubs could be better but it's always the same with a part-time soccer set-up."

"Still, I think the standard has improved even since last year. Many of the teams have a few very talented young players with real flair. They'd be even better if they could train and work as full professionals."

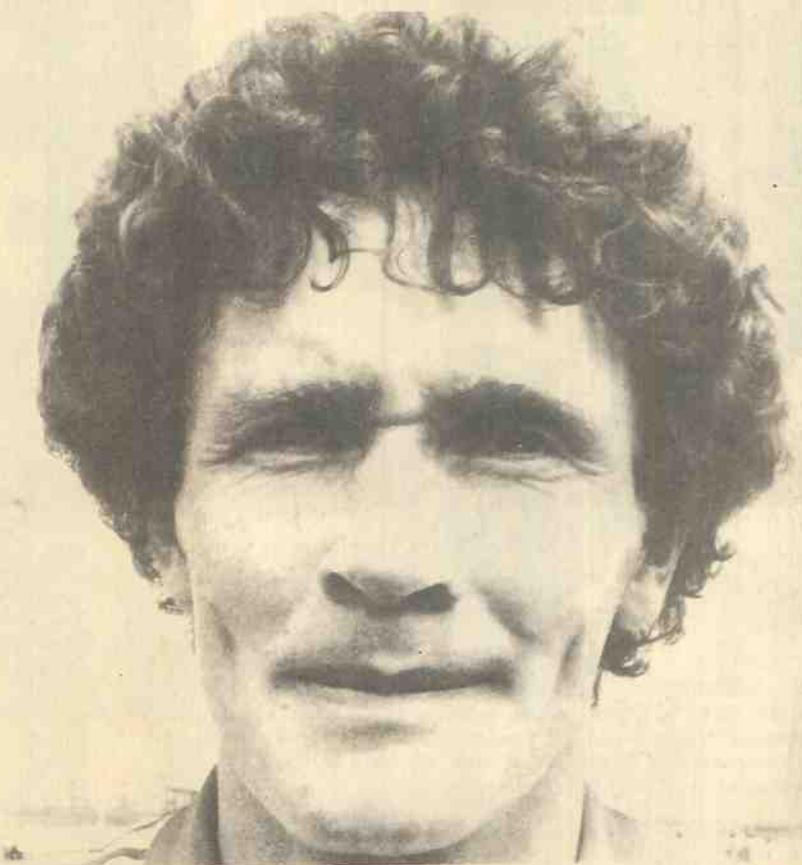
Dunleavy says Wollongong started the 1982 campaign with very high hopes.

Then came a string of defeats which shocked us all. After that we returned to our original 4-4-2 formation which seems to suit us best, with only two front runners.

"Wollongong is a much better team than many people believe and we will work our way up the table."

Chris Dunleavy, the quiet 'Wolf':

He carries his 'souvenir' in his thigh...



"Take Arno Bertogna, for example, whom I regard as one of the very best stoppers in the country."

"I feel he should play for Australia soon."

"But he has to pace his game a bit better. He must learn not to rush into every tackle; at times it's better to hold back and keep your challenge for the moment when the opponent is off balance."

"We work very well together and it's a pleasure to play with him."

Dunleavy now lives at Woonona with wife Roni (short for Veronica) and wants to settle in the district.

He works as a cement renderer, building walls—and not just outside his goal area either.

"It's physical work but not all that hard," he says. "It keeps me fit and busy."

"I don't mind this part-time set-up in Australia, as it has advantages. Far too many fulltime players back in Britain get bored during the day, having little to do."

"Given a chance, I'd like to stay on here and play for a few more seasons with the Wolves."

World Cup stars

By the time this issue appears, the World Cup is in its second round. Some of these players could be on their way to immortality—others to oblivion.

Here, on these pages, we introduce some of the players who could be the stars of the Cup and who are also likely to be seen or to have been seen in action on TV.

Michel Platini is France—that's the sweeping view of many European critics who regard this handsome midfielder as one of Europe's best. Platini, who has recently transferred from St. Etienne to the Italian club Juventus, is a stunningly accurate freekick taker. His passing and overall generalship make him the logical choice to lead France to World Cup glory.



Spain's No.1 goalie is Arconada, from the Real Sociedad club up in Bilbao, Basque territory. Arconada was the best goalie of the 1980 European Championships. In May, his team clinched the Spanish title—for the second year running.

Karl-Heinz Rummenigge of Bayern and West Germany was Europe's Player of the Year in 1980 and 1981. A tremendously fast striker, Rummenigge is a deadly finisher. Recently he told reporters that he would not accept some huge offers from Italian and Spanish clubs. "I like it in Munich," he said. "We have the best beer."



World Cup stars

Hans Krankl is leading the Austrian attack in the Cup. After an unhappy stint with Barcelona, Krankl is back in his native Vienna, starring for Rapid. However, several Spanish clubs are interested in signing him and he could just about stay there after the Mundial...

If Argentina wins the World Cup again, Diego Maradona is certain to play a very big part in it. He was, at 17, on the verge of being selected for the 1978 team—but then manager Menotti decided to keep him on ice for 1982. So this is it for Diego.

His turbulent transfer from Argentinos Juniors to Boca Juniors, his involved contract deals, arguments about non-payment of wages by Boca and now his latest plans for yet another move provide the press with endless copy.

The current story is that Maradona will switch to Barcelona in August—for about \$10 million, of which he receives a modest 25 percent cut plus annual wages plus bonuses, an apartment, a car and probably King Carlos' youngest daughter. If he shines in the Mundial. If he doesn't, it's probably back to Buenos Aires for the angel-faced kid from the slums.



Peter Shilton, the Nottingham goalie, is likely to be England's No.1 choice in goal throughout the World Cup. With Ray Clemence a shade slower than before, Shilton is now the popular choice of the press and the fans. But Ron Greenwood, the manager, may decide otherwise. At any rate, Shilton could play a big part in England's performances.



World Cup stars



Paulo Rossi hit the headlines at 21, when he led Italy to a fourth place in the 1978 World Cup. Then came some turbulent years, long transfer disputes and finally his involvement in the 'Betting Scandal' which saw him suspended for two long years. During his enforced rest, he transferred from Lanerossi to Juventus—and came back as an active player on May 2. Now a mature and perhaps wiser man of 25, Rossi said before the World Cup that this was his great chance to seek final forgiveness of his fans. We will soon know if he has managed it.

Czechoslovakia's striker Nehoda was one of the best strikers in Europe two years ago—but could be just a shade over the hill by now. A knee injury also interrupted his World Cup preparations. His big incentive is—playing for a Western club. Czech authorities have promised him permission—provided he helps his Czech mates to some World Cup glory.



World Cup stars

Brazilian fullback Junior (with beard) follows a time-honored tradition in that country. Although enjoying the reputation of being the most attacking soccer nation on earth, Brazil has always produced some tremendous defenders. Just think of Nilton and Djalma Santos in 1958, Mauro in 1962 or the great Carlos Alberto in 1970. Junior is one of the deadliest freekick specialists in Brazil; anywhere within a 25-metre range of goal he can bend the ball past walls.

Graham Souness, Liverpool's captain, personifies today's Scottish soccer: fiercely competitive, athletic and skilful, too. Souness, strangely enough, had a brief guest-stint with West Adelaide a few years ago in the PSL—and was hardly noticed. Then he was with Middlesbrough. However, since joining Liverpool, he has become one of Europe's best midfielders.



World Cup coaches

They don't score goals or make breathtaking saves—but without them there would be no World Cup. They are, of course, the coaches and managers in charge of the 24 teams now battling it out in Spain.

In some countries they call them national coaches; others prefer the title of manager and, in South America—and Swansea, Wales, of all places—they go for 'Technical Director.'

But it all boils down to the same—the men in charge of the national teams.

Success will be richly rewarded; the maestro of the winning team will be a national hero.

For failures, the usual penalty is the sack.

In more temperamental countries, failed national coaches get 'special treatment.' After the 1966 World Cup, in England, infuriated Brazilian fans burnt the effigy of manager Vicente Feola while the even more enraged Italians pelted manager Edmondo Fabbri with cans and rotten eggs on the team's arrival back at Rome airport.

The sackings will be on again—possibly as early as July...



Enzo Bearzot, Italy's veteran manager who led his team to a meritorious fourth place in 1978, is less optimistic now. He is without one of his great playmakers, Bettiga and nobody knows how well Rossi will perform, having spent some two years out of the game with a suspension due to the 'Betting Scandal.' Bearzot, a cautious man, tipped Brazil to win before the start of the Cup.



Luis Cesar Menotti, the cultured, chain-smoking manager of Argentina, said he would resign after the Mundial—win or lose. "Six years at the helm is more than enough," he added. Menotti can just about pick his next job anywhere in the world—but will probably move to Spain where he can expect to earn up to \$150,000 a year with a top club. Menotti's tip: Argentina...

World Cup coaches



The fatherly figure of German manager, Jupp Derwall. He inherited the team in 1974—and failed in Argentina. The patient Germans forgave him then—but another fiasco and out he goes, probably to be replaced by Hennes Weisweiler, the 'Professor' of German coaches. A few years ago Derwall had a bitter public argument with star player Paul Breitner. "A bearded, phony revolutionary," he called him. "Give him a banana, chase him up a tree and you can't tell him from a gorilla." Now Breitner is back in the team—and Derwall's hopes hinge partly on this 'gorilla' with or without a banana...



Ron Greenwood is too nice—that's the general verdict of the urbane England manager, the former West Ham boss. He is too hesitant, too conservative and without ideas—so say his critics. Spain will tell. Whatever the outcome, Greenwood will step down after the World Cup and go into retirement. He would like to leave with his head high, as did Ald Ramsey in 1966...

The world's worst job—that's what many people call it: Brazil's national manager. If his team wins, it was to be expected. If they come 'only' second or third, he's a flop and has to go. Feola in 1966, Zagalo in 1974 and Coutinho in 1978 all 'failed' and were sacked. Tele Santana (above) has a superbly talented team—but also an incredibly demanding public. "They all expect us to win," he said during his visit to Australia last October for the World Youth Cup. "For a Brazilian fan second place is worse than death."



Next month: Full World Cup coverage with all the match details, interviews and the stories behind the news. Don't miss our August issue!

THE DUNLOP QUIZ

Each month *Soccer World* will publish a set of questions testing your soccer knowledge. The first correct entry opened will win, each month, a DUNLOP SPORTS KIT consisting of—

- A travel bag;
- A towel;
- A pair of Dunlop soccer boots;
- A pair of Dunlop training shoes.

If there is no correct entry, the one closest to the target will win the prize. This will be posted to the winner directly by Dunlop Footwear.

The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence or discussion will be entered into.

Only those entries will be eligible which are sent on *Soccer World* coupons.

1. John Watkiss was born in Australia—true?
2. An Australian player was sent off during the 1974 World Cup finals—who?
3. Herbert Niaux' brother had a brief spell with Sydney Prague—what was his name?
4. For years, he was regarded as the 'Father' of JUST-Footscrey—his name?
5. Yakka Banovic, ex-Heidelberg, is now with Derby—what's his real first name?
6. Present Sydney City Soccer Director Harry Lakmaker was once a leading official of another Sydney soccer club—which one?
7. What was the biggest home defeat ever in a PSL match?
8. What's the occupation of St. George midfielder Peter Stone?
9. An Adelaide City goalie recently had to retire because of injury—who?
10. Des Palmer, ex-Welsh international, once played for a Victorian and then for a NSW club—which were the two clubs involved?
11. Ex-APIA star Fil Bottalico was born in.....
12. Joe Marston, when with Preston North End, gained an extra honor in English soccer— with which representative team?
13. Who was the Australian national coach in the 1965 World Cup campaign?
14. Italian first division clubs are allowed to have how many foreigners per team?
15. Apart from Eusebio, Portugal had one more great colored star in its 1966 World Cup team— what was his name?
16. What's the real name of Zico?
17. The Swedish national goalie has been playing for a German Bundesliga club for some years—who is he and which is the club?
18. The great Austrian star of the 1930s, Sindelar, died before the war—how?
19. Stanley Matthews lives outside England nowadays—in which country?
20. Which is the great corporation behind the American club Cosmos?

Solutions to last month's quiz: 1. John Barclay 2. Phnom-Penh, in the then Cambodia. 3. We lost 0-2. 4. Monti. 5. Colombes. 6. Gyula Polgar. 7. Belo Horizonte. 8. 2-2. 9. England, 0-0. 10. Italy and Chile. 11. Djalma and Nilton. 12. Switzerland. 13. Kreitlein of Germany. 14. Peter Bonetti. 15. West Germany v. Poland. 16. False. 17. False. 18. False. 19. France. 20. Mario Kempes.

The winner of last month's Quiz will be announced after the return of our editor from the World Cup.

DUNLOP

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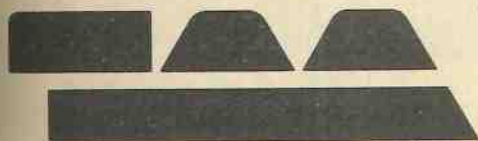
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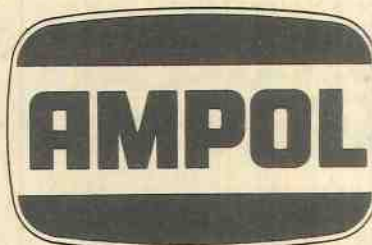
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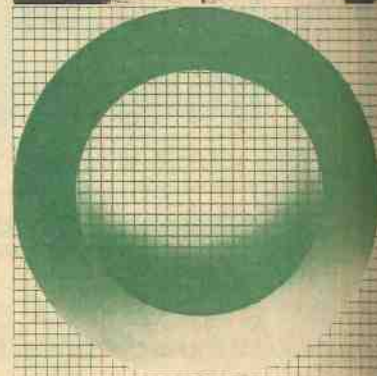
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